Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, JANUARY 18, 1900. NUMBER 21

"The story is not merely historical. It has a deeper aim, that of demonstrating the enduring value of the moral simplicity which underlies the highest humanity."—BOOK BUYER.

VIA CRUCIS A Romance of the Second Crusade.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD. **53d-thousand, $1.50**

"Blessed is the book that exalts, and Via Crucis merits that beatitude."—THE TIMES SAT. REVIEW.

". . A story of great power and force, brilliant and strenuous, sweeping the reader along by sheer strength and vividness of the narrative."
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Strong and brilliant."—*Journal of Education.*

"The latest and in some respects the greatest of his novels."—*The Pilot, Boston.*

"His latest romance is one of the best, if not the very best of his stories. . . . We confess to having sat up late into the night reading this book and its charm is still on us. . . . A magnificent romance."—*Independent.*

VIA CRUCIS must be reckoned among Mr. CRAWFORD'S strongest productions, whether considered as a romance, a historical novel, or a character study of the most unusual kind; and it is no weak impression that is left by the closing words, which point out the true "Way of the Cross" as in men's souls, and the glory of Christ's resurrection as in the saving of a soul. Yet it is no gloomy sermon; rather **one of its author's most brilliant adventure stories.**

Though the number of copies sold is by no means a reliable criterion of the worth of a book, it is interesting to note that eight editions of 5,000 each were exhausted in as many weeks after publication, and that the one now on sale is the **fifty-third thousand** of VIA CRUCIS.

"It seizes on the imagination and fascinates the reader."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

"For color, emotional intensity, vitality and individual action, and charm of style, Mr. Crawford **unquestionably excels every other living writer of prose romance.**"—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

"The freshness, the verve, the love of combat, the cumulative enthusiasm that will ever make Scott's romances of sustaining interest for the English reader are all present in **Via Crucis.** But there is much more."—*Commercial Advertiser, New York.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,
New York.

CONTENTS. PAGE

NOTES 767
Hopeful Notes from the South 768
James Martineau 768

GOOD POETRY—
A Denial. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* 770
A Question of Civilization. *Journal of Geneve* 770

THE MID-CONTINENT CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
The Demand of Sociology That Theology be Ethicized—REV. JUDSON TITSWORTH 771

THE PULPIT—
Modern Substitutes for the Church—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 772

THE STUDY TABLE—
The Ethical Record 775
The Wider View—W. C. G. 775
Book Notes—E. P. P. 776
Silent Voice of Trust—*From the Mother's Freesonic Message* 776

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Tobit—X.—E. H. W. 777

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—*Emerson* .. 778
Two Children—*Ethel Maude Colson* 778
An Unwelcomed Supper Guest—*H. D. Rose, in the Outlook* .....
Mother Goose .....
Of Such is the Kingdom—*Child Songs* 778

THE FIELD—
Humboldt Park, Chicago 779
The People's Pulpit 779
Chicago 779

General advertisers will find it to their advantage to correspond with the thirty-year-old advertising agency of Lord & Thomas, Chicago and New York. This great firm is thoroughly informed as to the mediums to be used for reaching any class of buyers, can give reasonable rates on any publication in the world, and can tell you the best methods to employ to "advertise judiciously."

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

TWENTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL.

BY

WILLIAM C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Blessed be Drudgery.
"I Had a Friend."
Wrestling and Blessing.
A Cup of Cold Water.
Faithfulness.
Tenderness.
The Divine Benediction.
The Seamless Robe.

A FEW OF THE MANY PRESS NOTICES AT HAND.

Full of tenderness and eloquence; will make thoughtful impressions on the heart and mind of the reader.—*Christian at Work.*

They bring comfort and strength to the hearts of the weary and discouraged.—*San Diego Union.*

It strengthens the soul to serve God and bless the World.—*The National Baptist.*

Worn and weary women, facing the daily routine of unescapable duties, will find here consolation and fresh motives to go on.—*Helen Campbell.*

They accept large scientific views of life, its origin and fulfillment.—*The American Hebrew.*

Eminently practical for life duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eight discourses, neither dusty nor dry. They have passed into other languages and have been widely copied in publications of various sects and no sect.—*World-Herald, Omaha.*

The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we will see everything about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimable which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

In style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit you meanness."—*Frances E. Willard.*

"I am going to rebind my copy in nice leather covers, very flexible, for pocket use. It is well worth issuing in such an edition as I describe. It is one of the finest things I have in my library. I never go away on the train but my copy goes with me. I get great good from its company."—*From a Maine Letter.*

The Trade Supplied by the American News Company, or Any of its Branches.

Central Distributing Office, Western News Company, 204 Madison Street, Chicago.

Paper covers, **25c.**; cloth, **75c.**; white vellum, **$1.00.** Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Faster than ever to California

Chicago-Union Pacific & North-Western Line

THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 6.30 p. m. daily, arrives San Francisco afternoon of third day and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars; all meals in Dining Cars. Buffet Smoking and Library Cars with barber. The best of everything. The Pacific Express leaves 10.30 p. m. daily. Tourist Sleepers every day and personally conducted excursions every Thursday. Ticket offices, 193 Clark Street and Wells Street Station.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

DIAMOND SPECIAL NIGHT TRAIN
DAYLIGHT SPECIAL DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Parlor-Café Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis Reads via Illinois Central Railroad. It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

New England Conservatory of Music

The leading musical institution of America. Founded 1853. Unsurpassed advantages in composition, vocal and instrumental music, and elocution. *George W. Chadwick, Musical Director.* Pupils received at any time. For prospectus address FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best cure for Cough, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Inward Pains and the ills of the Feeble and Aged. Combining the most active medicines with Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies, and is in fact the most revitalizing, life-giving combination ever discovered. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Debility, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging many to the grave who would recover health by its timely use.

FOR SALE.

THE CENTURY CYCLOPEDIA OF NAMES.

Three-quarter levant binding, in perfect condition. Regular price, $15.00. Will sell for $10.00. Address

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.,
3939 LANGLEY AVENUE.

PUBLICATIONS
OF
James Martineau, D.D., LL.D.

Great Passages selected from his writings by Rev. G. G. Howland. Pamphlet of 32 pages..... $0 05
A Study of Religion. 2 vols..... 4 50
Endeavors after the Christian Life 1 00
Essays, Reviews and Addresses. Vol. I., Vol. II., Vol. III., Vol. IV. Per vol..... 2 50
Faith and Self-Surrender..... 50
Home Prayers: with Two Services for Public Worship..... 1 00
Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. First Series..... 1 50
Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. Second Series..... 2 00
Hymns of Praise and Prayer. [*Compilation*]..... 75
Studies of Christianity..... 1 25
The Seat of Authority in Religion 4 50
Types of Ethical Theory..... 2 60

Orders filled by
Unity Publishing Company,
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

TWO FAST TRAINS.

Completely equipped with Sleeping, Dining and Cafe Parlor Cars leave Chicago daily via Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth. Complete information can be obtained from your nearest ticket agent.
JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1900. NUMBER 21

The Publishers of Unity would urge upon its readers the fact that, in common with most journals published for a cause and not for money, that the paper is sent to its subscribers until the request comes for discontinuance; also that it is good courtesy as well as good honor and good law to accompany such request with payment for the paper up to date of notification. In addition to this our subscribers must remember that the only bookkeeping practical to a paper circumstanced as ours, is that which is kept on the mailing slips, and it is not practical for bookkeeping reasons to ask us to carry a portion of our list on the spot cash basis and the other portion on the patient basis of consulting the convenience of the subscriber. This we are always very glad to do if only the subscription is forthcoming at any time. So will some of our subscribers please pay a little closer attention to their label and let us know about the time of expiration if they are not willing to let us continue our visit and abide their time for payment? Please do not ask us to discontinue your paper without paying for it up to date. Two or three hundred such requests during the year, clipping off even but twenty-five cents on each will amount to fifty or seventy-five dollars. Will our subscribers also remember that our bookkeeper may not be able to identify them unless they are careful to give the address which we now carry on our roll? The publishers take this occasion to thank many subscribers for the sympathetic and prompt support they are giving the paper and to assure them that the tide is quietly setting in this way; that the places vacated by those who could not stand our anti-war attitude are being made good by those who either like an independent journal even though it does not harmonize with all their convictions or who believe that religion is related to these high questions and that a religious paper should work in season and out of season for the universalities possible only through peace and vital only when applied to the problems and perplexities of the day. With thanks and with hope the Company is going on and solicits all honorable co-operation.

The Publishers of Unity having broken the silence and perhaps the dignity that becomes such a body in the above note, the Senior Editor also ventures to offer a word of explanation if not of apology. By reference to some of the facts offered in our news column page it will be found that the year gone involved the sending out on his part of 2,614 autograph letters and still there has never been a time during the year when there have not been possibly two hundred unanswered letters in the "crate." Such a stack rises before him at the present writing in its accusing raggedness to enforce the sentence in a private letter full of kindly accusation of discourtesy in failure to "answer letters which contained stamps for reply"; all of which is enforced with a prodding quotation that speaks of those who "fail to do their duty in trivial matters," etc. To all these disappointed correspondents the Senior Editor makes humble apology. So far as the limits of one faithful and competent stenographer and the capacity of fourteen to fifteen working hours a day on his part will permit, he gladly gives himself to correspondence and generally he eventually reaches most of the waiting letters. But he asks each one of these correspondents to remember that there is only one addressee while there are several thousand parties among the addressors during the year. Each letter received brings with it the possibility of a discourtesy and a disloyalty. Where the limit of reasonable expectation on the part of correspondents comes he cannot determine. Certainly he is very grateful for every kind word whether of approval or of criticism or inquiry, for such he hereby makes thankful acknowledgment and in the strength of such and for the sake of such the Senior Editor will continue to work to the limit of his possibilities. Send on your letters but do not take it a personal affront if the reply is not promptly forthcoming.

It is a humiliating comment on some kind of religious zeal that there should spring up immediately after the death of the great evangelist an unseemly quarrel and a sharp commercial contest between publishing houses who boast of their Christian work concerning the life of the great Christian evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. The son, W. R. Moody, in a circular letter does not hesitate to speak of "misleading statements of other publishers" and intimates that biographers are being approved without the consent of the family. Let the Christian world be ashamed of its Christian boast.

The correspondent of the Ethical Record from Great Britain, says that for the first time in Great Britain a genuine "Yellow Press" has been developed, a press that "swaggers, tells lies and appeals to ignorance and brutality, in short, copies the worst features of American journalism." The correspondent further thinks that the Boer war is a result of a new inward sense of strength inspired by the Kipling school of writers and the American triumphs. The correspondent sees but one consolation in all this manifestation of lustiness.

The protest against war, which was signed by over 50,000 persons, contained the names of the men who stand for everything which is best in our civilization. If this generation is to give any names to posterity, they will be culled from these: Prof. Edward Caird, Herbert Spencer, John Morley, George Meredith, Frederick Harrison, Canon Gore; and all these names appear in the protest. As one of the papers had it: "The Intellectuals are Boers; the Masses are Britons."

Felix Morris was not an actor that belongs to the role of Barrett, Booth or Irving, but he was great in his power to ameliorate the harshness of life, to interpret the pathos of the human soul, to add to the merriment of the world and on this account thousands upon thousands will feel that in his death, which occurred last Saturday, they have lost a personal friend. Mr. Morris was peculiarly successful in preserving the man without destroying the actor. Though he had a long, exciting and in the long run successful career upon the stage, he never lost the rare gift of domesticity, the power of being interested in men and things not on the stage. He was interested in ideas, he believed in morals and religion. He had a neighborly soul with great power of personal attachments and of course received as he deserved, a great amount of personal love. At his funeral service last Monday in All Souls Church, New York, M. J. Savage and T. R. Slicer, two Unitarian pastors, conducted the service. They spoke from personal acquaintance and of personal co-operation and sympathy as many other ministers in America and Europe might have spoken. It is hard for us to realize that never again are we to feel the sweet and searching power of the "Old Musician" or know the refining influence of the laughter he provoked in the humor he represented. The present writer, out of a long and loving acquaintance, joins with the multitude more in giving sympathy and love to the remaining and honor and love to the departed.

We rejoice to learn through such reports of Mr. Salter's lecture last Sunday as found their way to the papers that the Ethical society of Chicago has closed a successful year. It has raised more money than any previous year, and has met all its debts. That Mr. Salter has a message to Chicago and that there are people who are ready to receive it is proven by the support he receives and the ever growing respect that his work commands. He is the last man in Chicago with whom UNITY would enter into controversy. That his method of silence on the worshipping side of the soul is the right method for himself and for those who sit at his feet goes without saying. They have found out the best way for them and they are loyally and nobly walking therein. But in this matter we must believe that our friends of the Ethical Culture Society have a right to speak confidently only for themselves. It may be that Mr. Salter is not so right, if he is properly quoted, when he speaks of "liberal churches facing both ways" because they "cling to prayer," which if we understand his phrases, serves as an opiate to the conscience. This opium theory of prayer is a favorite one of Mr. Salter's but we do not believe that it is adequate to explain the psychological facts in the case, still less is it adequate to account for the great facts of history. There may be those as respectful to science as these friends of the Ethical Society, as modest in the presence of the unutterable and the unspeakable, who still believe in the great music of Beethoven and love to hear the "Twelfth Mass"; who delight in the great Psalms thrown out of the human soul, reaching from the classic prayers of Israel through Whittier to Tennyson and the lofty strains of Browning's "Saul." These may inspire in some free souls a necessity of utterance, a joy in vocalized aspiration and a meaning in joint praise and thanksgiving that is not inconsistent to, but rather an adjunct of, and an element in the "acts of justice and of humanity, efforts for a freer social order," which is the task of our "Ethical" friends but upon which they certainly hold no copyright. There may be those who are trying hard with the friends of ethical culture, to give "fresh expression to social sympathy," who do not feel thereby compelled to turn their back on all the methods and traditions of "old time religion." These others may be wrong but their motive is certainly not necessarily "to attract more people" and perhaps our neighbor has not quite the right to pass upon the courage of such. It is not always brave to impugn the bravery of those whose ways differ from ours. Mr. Salter like the rest of us is more trustworthy and skilful in interpreting himself and his work than in estimating the motives or the methods of others. Let us rejoice in the things we can do together and permit one another to work each in his own way when the "togetherness" fails.

Hopeful Notes from the South.

Last Sunday was a memorable day to the colored people of Chicago. Bethel Chapel was crowded to suffocation. Upwards of eighteen hundred people were packed in to listen to an address made by Booker T. Washington.

The special occasion was the launching of the "United Brotherhood," a new fraternity insurance association, the first ever organized that grants to black and white its equal privileges. The organization is officered entirely by colored people. Its general headquarters is to be in Chicago and its success is guaranteed from the outset by the conservative character of its management and the high philanthropic spirit that actuates the same. The great colored man from Alabama came to the platform with the fatigue and dust of a belated train upon him. His subject was announced as "The Benefits of Fraternal Insurance," but he went up and down the whole field of the race problem with epigram, illustration, humor, sarcasm and appeal. He swayed his audience and at the same time enlightened and edified them in such a way as to shame all race conceits or shallow talks about "white man's burdens." He brought to Chicago three cheering notes which deserve wide circulation. Briefly stated they were as follows:

1. At the recent convention held at Huntsville, Alabama, to consider the economic problems of the South, Governor McCorkle of West Virginia, told the great convention that the South could no longer afford to deprive the colored man of his legal status. He told the Southern people that this had been systematically done and that sooner or later it would prove a boomerang that would come back upon those who hurled it. The charge of the Governor was not only endured but enthusiastically received and the sentiment was embodied in a resolution which was unanimously adopted.

2. The bill that was introduced into the Georgia

legislature with the avowed purpose of disfranchising the black while at the same time loopholes were deliberately planned to admit the incompetent and illiterate white man, was overwhelmingly defeated. The vote in the lower house being some three to one hundred.

3. At a recent meeting of a committee of twenty-five, consisting of the most prominent men of the South, held at Montgomery, Alabama, it was decided to look the race problem squarely in the face and steps were taken to arrange for a convention for a discussion of the same in that city on or about May first.

James Martineau.

James Martineau in the serenity of ninety-five years has passed on. He was the sage of England, the devout rationalist, a man who kept thinking to the end and grew as he thought. Born in Norwich in 1805, of Huguenot ancestry. A thrifty and prosperous father gave him a good preliminary education and would fain have started him well in life as a civil engineer grounded in a good technical training but the boy who had sat under the tuition and the preaching of the famous Dr. Lant Carpenter of Bristol, the father of the famous family, was ill at ease, and so the father yielded to the restlessness of the boy, though he was "courting poverty" and allowed him to enter the Manchester New College, a Unitarian theological school then situated in York; destined to go from thence back to Manchester, then to London and finally to Oxford, a school whose greatest luster today lies in the fact that James Martineau was once one of its professors, and for many years its head. He began his ministerial work as assistant pastor of a Presbyterian church with Unitarian theology in Dublin. When the senior pastor died the young associate refused to accept the place that was ready for him because he would not accept the donation of the crown which went with it and which outraged the young minister's sense of fairness to the Catholic constituency that was denied such state recognition. And so he became the great preacher of Liverpool and the great teacher of the Manchester New College, his chair being that of mental and moral philosophy.

James Martineau was doomed to that pathos that attends genius in an age of transition. He became the high bridge that enabled a multitude of souls to pass out of the old into the new, the bridge itself becoming unnecessary or at least little used by those having once made the passage. Like the American Agassiz, he contributed to the establishment of theories which he combatted but more than Agassiz he could reconstruct his theories, keep up with his own logic and so to the end of his life the great controversalist was also the great preacher and the devout confessor. His mind, skilful as it was powerful, grappled with materialism, pessimism, agnosticism, anything, everything that seemed to him to stand in the way of the spiritual life and the devout attitude of mind. His essays, philosophical and theological, fill four volumes. His Types of Ethical Religion (1885), Study of Religion (1888), and his last great work The Seat of Authority in Religion, largely given to New Testament studies, mark his highest skill and doubtless represent his most laborious achievements, but his two volumes of sermons entitled "Endeavors After the Christian Life" and the first and second series of "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things"; his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer" and more latterly his volume of "Home Prayers" represent his deeper spirit and perhaps his more lasting work.

Stopford Brooke once said "Until the Church of England is broad enough to make James Martineau archbishop of Canterbury, it is not broad enough for me." This story is often told as a pleasantry but there was more of prophecy in it than we can even yet understand for although James Martineau was Unitarian of the Unitarians in doctrine and in philosophy, he ever distrusted the Unitarian label, refused to have his Liverpool church known as such and he himself to the end declined to wear the name in its denominational or sectarian significance. He believed it should ever remain a term of philosophy and that the "Christian church" which enlisted his sympathies and enthusiasm should ever be distinguished by a living fellowship, a struggle after the life as lived by Jesus rather than after the truth as discovered by any one philosophy or promulgated by any one denomination.

Outsider and Come-outer as he was he did not believe in the disestablishment of the Episcopal church; he worked rather to bring the established down to date and up to the highest thinking so that the old cathedrals with their vast endowment of wealth, spiritual and material, may become again the center of life for the entire community.

This is a good time for those who have known and loved James Martineau to renew acquaintance with his high words and for those who have not yet known him, to seek such an acquaintance now. Most of his publications may be obtained through any standard bookstore, or the publishers of this paper will be glad to fill any orders for the same.

There is an attractive five-cent anthology with a brief biographical sketch of James Martineau by the lamented C. G. Howland, published in the Unity Mission Series, No. 21. We publish in our advertising columns a complete list of the Martineau publications available to American readers to which we would respectfully call the attention of our readers.

In the auditorium of All Souls church, Chicago, there are four busts, heroic size, of the "Four Great Modern Prophets of Liberal Religion." May we not now say "Four Great Saints" of the Universal church, as exemplified in the latest and highest manifestations. The confessors of modern thought: Channing, Parker, Emerson and Martineau, to name them in the order of their going hence. These busts were modelled by Sidney Morse and we believe are yet available. In this group the head of Martineau perhaps has the least claim to being a portrait, for the artist did not have the advantage of a personal study, but he has given us the commanding brow, the thought laden lines and the brooding face that combines the thinking of a St. Thomas and the loving of a St. John. It is a beautiful face suggestive of a beautiful life. This is a good time also to enrich your church auditorium or ennoble your minister's study with a noble bust of James Martineau.

Good Poetry.

A Denial.

I.

We have met late—it is too late to meet,
O friend, not more than friend!
Death's forecome shroud is tangled round my feet,
And if I step or stir, I touch the end.
In this last jeopardy
Can I approach thee, I, who cannot move?
How shall I answer thy request for love?
Look in my face, and see.

II.

I love thee not; I dare not love thee! Go
In silence; drop my hand.
If thou seek roses, seek them where they blow
In garden-alleys, not in desert sand.
Can life and death agree,
That thou shouldst stoop thy song to my complaint?
I cannot love thee. If the word is faint,
Look in my face, and see.

III.

I might have loved thee in some former days;
Oh, then my spirits had leapt
As now they sink, at hearing thy love-praise!
Before these faded cheeks were overwept,
Had this been asked of me,
To love thee with my whole strong heart and head,
I should have said still.... yes, but smiled and said,
"Look in my face, and see!"

IV.

But now—God sees me,—God, who took my heart,
And drowned it in life's surge.
In all your wide, warm earth I have no part—
A light song overcomes me like a dirge.
Could Love's great harmony
The saints keep step to when their bonds are loose,
Not weigh me down? Am I a wife to choose?
Look in my face, and see—

V.

While I behold, as plain as one who dreams,
Some woman of full worth,
Whose voice, as cadenced as a silver stream's,
Shall prove the fountain-soul which sends it forth;
One younger, more thought-free
And fair and gay, than I, thou must forget,
With brighter eyes than these—which are not wet—
Look in my face, and see.

VI.

So farewell, thou whom I have known too late
To let thee come so near.
Be counted happy, while men call thee great,
And one belov'd woman feels thee dear!—
Not I!—that cannot be.
I am lost, I am changed: I must go farther, where
The change shall take me worse, and no one dare
Look in my face, and see.

VII.

Meantime I bless thee. By these thoughts of mine
I bless thee from all such!
I bless thy lamp to oil, thy cup to wine,
Thy hearth to joy, thy hand to an equal touch
Of loyal troth. For me,
I love thee not. I love thee not! Away!
There's no more courage in my soul to say,
"Look in my face, and see."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

A Question of Civilization.

Apropos of the conditions in South Africa and the claims made for Anglo-Saxon civilization, the following, translated from the report of a recent missionary meeting in Geneva, is not without interest. The speaker is a returned Swiss missionary to the regions mentioned.—*Editors.*

Comparing Madagascar with South Africa, the speaker (M. Germond) sees one thing which rejoices him and which may stand to the credit of the French domination; there is in the former no "social question."

An acute social question, however, presents itself in South Africa in consequence of the presence of two races, black and white, between whom the gulf is ever deepening.

In Cape Colony the proportion is three natives to one white; in the Boer republics, four to one; in the protectorate countries, 350 to one. In Natal the black population has increased very rapidly to 540,000 natives, as against 45,000 whites. In the Lesuto* it has sextupled in 60 years.

What future, then, awaits the black race in so rapid growth? The soil has been taken from it. A native cannot buy land among the Boers, and about the same is true in Cape Colony. All careers are closed to blacks: administration, trade, banks, railroads; everywhere they are repulsed. Pupils of the business school (established by M. Germond in the Lesuto) cannot find employment for their knowledge.

Such is the position of the blacks in South Africa. There is nothing like it for the Malagasy. The Malagasy is owner of his field; all careers are open to him, and one meets everywhere native employees. The governor will dine with one of his native subordinates, and have himself escorted by native horsemen. One cannot imagine the governor of the Cape doing the like.

The principles admitted in Madagascar are absolutely the reverse of all that are current in South Africa. A Boer said to M. Germond: Whoever shall give a solution of the native question will deserve much from civilization. There is the dark spot.

"The present war has nothing to do with justice and liberty. My great fear is," said the speaker in conclusion, and listened to with sustained attention, "that the war once over, victors and vanquished alike will agree to a reconciliation at the expense of the natives. God reigns, but the end of this century is sad: the Armenians, the Finns, the contradiction offered by facts to the Congress at the Hague, the South African war; these are just grounds for humiliation and grief."

—*Journal of Geneve.*

* The native name for Vasutoland.

The Mid-Continent Congress of Religion.

HELD IN SINAI TEMPLE, CHICAGO, DEC. 12, 13 AND 14, 1899. WEDNESDAY FORENOON SESSION.

CONTINUED.

REV. DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS, PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR

(*Stenographically reported by Miss Minnie Burroughs.*)

Introduction of Mr. Titsworth by the Chair.

You will notice, friends, that this splendid program is a unity, a kind of progressive unity. There is a deep central thought underlying it all and in all this treatment it is a movement forward with cumulative power. Now the last speaker, the Rev. Judson Titsworth, Pastor of Plymouth church, Milwaukee, has this theme "The Demand of Sociology that Theology Be Ethicized." It is a wonderful demand. Dr. Fleiderer claims that the great work of the prophets of the Old Testament was to ethicize God; and surely sociology is very modest in demanding that theology be ethicized.

THE DEMAND OF SOCIOLOGY THAT THEOLOGY BE ETHICISED, BY REV. JUDSON TITSWORTH OF PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

If man has one inalienable right more sacred than another it is a right to the truth. This right is practically twofold: it is a right to have his knowledge organized in truth and it is a right to have his relations organized in truth. Practically twofold, still the right is essentially one. We have only to observe the perfect interdependence of truth in knowledge and truth in relations or life, the perfection of action and reaction between them, to see that they are the systole and diastole of the same beating heart which is the fountain of the life of man.

In a sense theology is a matter of knowledge while sociology is a matter of relations. Theology also supposes relations, interrelations of God and man, and sociology also has its treasures of knowledge, knowledge of facts and principles determining and illustrating the interrelations of men. But the method of theology is mainly deductive, it emphasizes its major premises; the method of sociology is mainly inductive, it emphasizes its minor premises; one begins in revelations, the other begins in discoveries; one assumes vast knowledge, great truths and works them into life, the other acquires knowledge from life. So that we are not unjust or unscientific when we say that theology and sociology are to each other, in a sense, what truth in knowledge and truth in life are to each other.

Taking these two in their commonly accepted senses, theology as the science of God and sociology as the science of human society, and studying them historically, we see this interdependence plainly. It has always been believed that man was made in the image of God. Practically—not to say God, but—men's conceptions of God have always been made in the image of man. It is idle to complain that theology is anthropomorphic and useless to try to make it otherwise. The thing to do is to so divinize man that a humanized God shall not be an offence to the highest ethical or religious sensitiveness. God is in the image of men, as man is in the image of God. There is but one moral order. God and man are eternally and infinitely adjustable the one to the other. The correction of the life and relations of men by the bettering conceptions of God is one of the aspects of human history. It is true also that history presents the converse aspect of the correction of the conception of God through the bettering human life. History in this respect is the story of the reciprocal action of these two things, each cause and each effect in turn. Human history has its good in the divinizing of men, in humanity's participation in the divine nature.

Out of this relation of the science of God to the science of human society grows the demand which sociology, the science of human society, makes upon theology, the science of God, that it be ethicized. The validity of this demand is grounded in the essential unity of the practically twofold truth which is organized into these two sciences. Progress in society waits upon progress in theology. One cannot move without the other. The ligament which connects them may be elastic to a degree but they are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. Just now sociology is held back by theology. Theology is weighted down by impedimenta in venerable beliefs about God which she persists in carrying about with her although everybody tells her that she has no more use for them. Sociology cries out to her, "I cannot get on while you persist in lugging all that condemned falsehood about with you. I cannot get men to think about one another as they ought as long as you teach them to think about God as they ought not. I cannot get men to behave towards each other as they ought as long as you teach what you do about the behavior of God. I cannot organize the life and relations of men in the truth as long as you continue to organize what you call knowledge of God in what is not true."

The right of sociology to demand that theology be ethicized, tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, is identical with the inalienable right of men to the truth, a right emphasized in this case as so often by the relation of the truth of knowledge to the truth of life, by the dependence of life and relations upon knowledge, by the organic dependence of practical human life upon ideals, conceptions of God and of the divine or moral order.

Is it possible to indicate clearly actual instances in which theology gives ground for this demand of sociology?

It is quite within bounds to say that the general positions of evolution have been scientifically verified. The contention of Darwin for vast time is as well established as the contention of Copernicus for vast space. Scientific faith in natural law is as strong as in heliocentricity. These conceptions fit the facts of human evolution as sociology is compelled to take them into account, are absolutely necessary for the reading of the life story of man as science reads it and are indispensable elements in any rational plan sociology can follow in its work. Sociology depends upon historic evolution for its facts and upon the continuance of the process in the future for its opportunity.

In so far as theology denies evolution it does what it can to destroy both the data and the opportunity of sociology. If God has not wrought by the method of evolution, systematically, slowly, according to natural and dependable laws, sciology is out of court with its ideas, hopes and methods. If man is but six thousand years old and probably has but little longer to live, sociology's large plans have no time for their outworking. If man's history has been and still is to be largely a supernatural thing, full of incalculable and uncontrollable forces, of phenomena irreducible to normal terms of causation, sociology is like some Alice in Wonderland, bewildered at every turn. In such a world two and two do not make four and what is one to do?

Sociology has the strongest of claims upon theology; that its teachings about these things be ethicized, organized in truth, for great masses of people believe what theology tells them and as long as they are held by untruths in the name of theology they are insensible to truths told them in the name of sociology.

Again, sociology has the right to demand that

theology be ethicized in respect of its moral history of man; that it adjust its teachings about the fall of man to the truth as science is clarifying it, and emphasize truly vital elements in the destiny of man. If man, almost at once after creation fell from an immeasurable height of virtue and felicity and if his objective as a moral being is the recovery of his lost virtue and happiness, in heaven; if he is degenerate, morally, a fallen race, lower down in the moral scale than at the beginning of his moral experience, then sociology is wrong in its premises and has no legitimate demand upon theology to change its teaching. But if man's moral nature is in some sense a refinement of his physical nature, if his moral history began in an emergence from animalism through some experience wakening in him consciousness of right and wrong; if his moral sense has been evolved like everything else about him, and if he has grown from the first, is growing and may rationally be expected to grow in moral capacity and achievement, then man's sacred and inalienable right to the truth bases a righteous demand upon theology that it teach this truth, that it ethicize its work in this respect.

Especially if sociology is right in its emphasis upon this world as the real scene of moral struggle and victory, not of individuals only but of the race; if the

> Far off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

is an event terrestrial in place however celestial in character; if the divinizing of human society in its interrelations everywhere is the goal of the moral history of man on the earth, then sociology has a just demand upon theology that it teach and preach the truth about the kingdom of heaven on the earth as Jesus, the Leader of human life in moral and spiritual things, taught it; that it emphasize character as eternal life, and the same character which Jesus emphasized, character organized in love, in love which serves and whose very idea compels those forms of relation between men which a wise sociology is trying to realize in a thoroughly ethicized human society.

Whatever service it may have rendered humanity once, theology's heaven is a serious disservice to humanity today in whatever degree it diverts the energy of men from the work of achieving the kingdom of heaven on the earth. Every time a man whose life is not organized in love for his fellow men is promised heaven on a basis of creed or religious habit or ecclesiastical connection, heaven is used as a wrecker's beacon to lure human life to its destruction. And every time a man whose life is wrongfully impoverished or who is seduced into relinquishing any right or privilege whatever to which as a man he is entitled, is encouraged to submit to unworthy limitations of his life here, by the promise of reward in the shape of heavenly riches or joys hereafter, faith in heaven becomes a hindrance to the better life of man. Any conception of heaven, any conception of salvation as a matter of reward or happiness in heaven which enfeebles the purpose of men to make human society heavenly, to establish the kingdom of heaven on the earth, involves a wrong to humanity which sociology must see righted.

In a word, if theology is holding and teaching any conceptions of God which, if applied to men, would make men immoral, the interests of humanity solemnly demand that these conceptions shall be untaught. Man is made in the image of God and as he conceives God to be he will inevitably strive and tend to become. Only as the idea of God is ethicized will the powerful influence of theology upon human thinking and character serve its high purpose of divinizing man and establishing the kingdom of God on the earth.

The Pulpit.

Modern Substitutes for the Church.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JANUARY 7, 1900.

There is no denying the fact that the influence of the Christian church has gradually waned in the last hundred years. The pulpit does not maintain the leadership and carry the influence today that it did fifty years ago. The minister is an accident rather than an essential in the lives of many and the church to thousands of people is a luxury or whim to be supported or neglected, attended or abandoned, according to the most superficial combination of circumstances or passing motives. If the weather is neither too cold nor too warm, and the distance not too great for a pleasant walk; if the seats are comfortable, the preacher is eloquent within the bounds of one's own convictions and prejudices, why, one attends and finds it very pleasant and profitable. But if any of these elements are wanting, the church is overlooked, indeed, forgotten and is scarcely missed by thousands upon thousands whose fore-elders found their moral nature rooted in the subsoil of the church, their spiritual life watered and fed by its ministries; their whole life committed to and centering around with unerring regularity and constancy the church which in a very real and vital sense was the house of the good, the house of God. If, after all the physical needs of the life are met, when all the good clothes needed or otherwise are paid for, when the theatre and the opera are enjoyed to their maximum and the love of books and travel is indulged to a reasonable extent, if, then, any money is left, the solicitations of the church are listened to and a subscription is made, but when made, it is held lightly. The time of payment is easily forgotten and if from any unexpected cause, a touch of adversity comes before the subscription is paid, it is unblushingly cancelled. An extra new dress wanted, an unexpected trip into the country, a new baby or a fit of sickness is presented without the slightest hesitation by many as a reason for not meeting an obligation which under any standard of business ethics is as binding as the obligation assumed to the tailor, the livery, the butcher or the grocer. There is no denying the fact that thousands of dollars of church subscriptions are annually ignored in the city of Chicago, flatly repudiated by people who would no more think of repudiating any of these bills referred to than they would think of picking their neighbor's pockets and who would resent any charges of dishonesty with a righteous indignation.

All this simply goes to show the secondary, incidental and accidental place which the church holds in the lives of many well-to-do and well-established citizens today, those who were cradled in the arms of the church, nurtured by those to whom the church was "the power of God," mighty to save, "a very present help in time of trouble," a bulwark against the temptations of life and a consolation and strength in times of sorrow and privation.

The causes of this breakdown are not far to seek and they are of such a character as to compel not

only careful study but respectful consideration. Two well-defined and mighty forces have been at work in the lives of these people we have in mind, breaking down the old confidence, distracting if not dissipating the old joy in the church, and both these forces have come to stay, they are to be reckoned with not only in the past but they must be directed and used in the future.

One of these forces is intellectual. Within the last fifty years there has come a most tremendous revolution in the thought of man concerning those things which were the special concern of the church. Not only the forms but the substance of the church have been challenged by this new thought of the universe which has come into the world through the demonstrations of Darwin, the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the literature belonging thereto, the essays of Emerson, the poetry of Tennyson and of Browning, the fiction of George Eliot and her associates. In one word, the thought of evolution has not only threatened the superstructure but has undermined the very foundation of the church as it is. The church of power in which our grandparents and parents found shelter, rested upon a supernatural revelation, given at a definite date, within conceivable time, a revelation delivered to and preserved by a chosen people, a clearly defined scheme of thought and action by which the soul's career here and destiny hereafter were to be determined. All this has been rendered unthinkable to those who have felt the power of that conception of the universe that regards it as a mystic, measureless unfoldment of power, a gradual rising of life from simple forms to forms more complex; from lower to higher. In this unfolding universe it is hard to set the stakes of beginning and ending, to say where revelation began or the possibilities of salvation end, indeed, the mind utterly refuses to respect the man-made lines in the interest of the dual classification, dividing saints from sinners, saved from damned, Christian from pagan, the redeemed from the lost. In the new thought all theological lines are but the poor ecclesiastical scratchings upon the surface of that globe of life whose dimensions are spherical and not superficial.

Thus it is that by the power of thought, the tendency of culture, men and women have been compelled to do their thinking out of church, and when they go to church they have been compelled to leave their active brains behind them. If damage has been wrought here and humanity is the loser, let the responsibility be placed where it belongs, at the door of our colleges; the mischief has been wrought by our professors. The subtle virus of this heresy has been a culture of the laboratory and the observatory. The church has lost its power because men have established libraries, perfected the printing press and because thinkers have been watching the stars at midnight, studying our antipodes on their own grounds, digging among the debris of centuries and deciphering the weird hieroglyphics carved by nature on the monuments of a vast antiquity. In the presence of these revelations, the most venerable creeds, the conclusions of the ecclesiastical councils of Trent, Dort, Westminister and Nicaea, the so-called Apostles' Creed and the Jewish Torah, "The Law," are but latter-day musings of modern man who came too late to remember the sources of his inspiration, too early to understand his own relations thereto.

The other force that has brought about this breakdown of the church, is a social or industrial force. The practical triumphs of modern man over his material environment, have so added to the complexities of his life that it is no wonder that, for the time being at least, his attention is distracted, his interest dissipated and divided. The triumphs of steam and electricity, the achievements of the printing press and the railroad, have brought into our lives such a diversity of interest, and other triumphs have come with such rapidity that it is no wonder that the perspective of life has been marred and the new adjustments are yet imperfect. The breakdown of the church from this side has come from the temptations and distractions of prosperity, on the one hand and the severities of poverty heightened by the many glaring contrasts. When the income of the family is "X," life is hard, severe, but direct, continuous, developing. It is known that by economy of time, strength and money the family will be able to win out at the end of the year with the necessities of life met, bills paid and perhaps something more. Certainly each year brings added strength and confidence.

Let that income be represented by "2 X," and life is freer, rest comes where before was fatigue. Grace touches what before was severe and life is obviously enlarged.

But if prosperity hastens and the annual income is represented by "10 X," then before you know it life again becomes a burden, a dizzy round of engagements and the poor soul grows wild and the body grows haggard in trying to keep up with its privileges. Many fall out by the way bankrupt in spirit, in morals, if not in purse, from trying to keep up with the social band-wagon. The opera, the theatre and the club, the social functions, the awful round of shopping and the soul-wearing and body-exhausting perplexities of uninspired vacations and aimless travels, have crowded the church clear out of sight and thought. Of course, the internal soul life, the unobtrusive serenities of the Sunday, the reconstructive life of meditation and the humanizing contact with common humanity in its common aspect, not disfigured by uncommon clothes, represented by the church, will not be so much neglected as forgotten; overlaid. The abandonment is not one of choice but one of enforced neglect. It does not come into the lives of such people because there is no place for it, all the space is preoccupied. Like the babe at Bethlehem, "there is no room at the inn," and it must content itself with the surroundings of the stable and the accommodations of the manger.

Others may state the causes of the breakdown of the church in other ways and analyze the problems on other lines but I think that the situation is pretty thoroughly covered by these two causes, to restate them.

1. Intellectual change caused by the development of science.

2. The social pressures that come from the application of these same sciences to the condition of life.

Both these causes have come to stay. They are to be accepted not as the grim inevitable but as the blessed instruments of progress, evidence of advancement.

Having lost the church, what is to take its place, is the question asked by thousands.

Practically the first great substitute for the church in modern times on the intellectual and spiritual side is the school. The hope of the nation as we are told lies in education. "Thousands for teachers, not a cent for churches," said a capitalist to me some years ago. And how high a service does the school render. How it does ameliorate the severities of life, put a glow and a beauty into the commonplace, and when the door of the school room is closed the youth passes out into the world with the extension of the school following him. The book, the library, the magazine, the newspaper, are attractive applicants for all his spare time and extra change. How great and blessed are these ministers; surely the new book that for a dollar and a half creams the scholar's brain and gives

in an attractive and profitable form the result of years of labor; the magazine that carries you around the world to the farthest pole, with your feet in your slippers, your wife and your children about you; the newspaper that with the celerity of light tells you of the nobility, the struggle, failure and wickedness that happened on the other side of the globe last night, while you sip your coffee, have much that is expanding, elevating, refining and directing.

The second great substitute for the church to the wandering mind, is nature. The soul asks, why confine myself even for one day in the week to man-made houses, to the walls of brick and stone that masons lay? Better worship in the unroofed temple of nature and walk abroad in the unwalled church of God. Why listen to human voices when you may listen to the soughing winds and the singing birds and the murmuring brooks? Why quarrel over the interpretation of the somewhat mangled texts found in Hebrew and Greek manuscripts while you may read the open manuscripts of God, written on leaves, illuminated with daisies? And this is a substitute. Happy is the soul that can use it.

Turning to the social causes we come upon the first modern substitute for the church in the club where the like-minded come together with the least to separate and the most to unite; where the law of social selection, like chemical affinity, may work with the least obstruction. The gentlemen have their clubs where they may discuss politics, economics and regale themselves with tobacco smoke. The ladies have their clubs where they may practice the hitherto manly art of debate, master the intricacies of parliamentary rules, discuss on short notice and easy terms all the problems of life and the marvels of the universe, anything from sweatshops to Plato, from Shakespeare to baby foods, and regale themselves with tea, "angel's food" and "benevolent" gossip.

Let the truth be known, these are great and blessed helps to life. They have aroused what would otherwise be dormant powers in men and women. They have centralized what otherwise would be dismembered and disintegrated forces in society; they have revealed uncounted resources within the soul itself and have brought these resources to bear on uncounted attractions, unexpected beauties in the realm of nature, literature and human society.

That these substitutes work, more or less, in short, that they are substitutes for the church is proven by the fact that they receive the first love, the best energy, the most generous support of thousands upon thousands of men and women in this and other comunities, who, as I said at the outset, give but nominal, conventional, grudging and stingy support to the church.

Next let us ask, are these substitutes adequate? Do they take the place once occupied by the church? Are they to become the permanent rivals and ultimately the substitutes for the church? That they have practically become these in many a life goes without the saying. For better or worse the chasm between good and earnest men and women and the church has become so wide that perhaps they themselves will never see it removed, but is there not something wanting in their lives? Does not the heart of the most enlightened, the soul of the most cultivated, the deeper sense of the most enthusiastic devotee of club and fraternity, of lodge and society, know that there is still something wanting in the best of these substitutes? There are times when even Shakespeare himself fails to interest, when Homer, Milton, Browning, Emerson and all the singing helpers of men fail to hold the soul to its best or to bring companionship to the solitary or comfort to the bereaved. There are times when the clasp of a human hand, aye, the echoes of a human voice, the challenge of a human soul flashing from eye through eye to another soul, alone can save the day.

Science? Yes, blessed be science. But you and I know that there are woes which cannot be soothed by being analyzed, inspirations that cannot be produced in the laboratory. And you and I also know, everybody knows, that the best selected company in the world, the most congenial club ever formed, can be endured only in spots and in brief spaces of time, because the part may never adequately represent the whole. Life's inspirations come not from the classes but from the masses. And any lines seeking to circumscribe congeniality, respectability, brilliancy, soon defeat themselves. The time will come when the club man will gladly exchange all the luxuries, elegancies and necessities of his club for the privilege of consorting with the simplest sweat-stained artisan or the most uncouth, unlettered dweller in a house that is a home of his own. And there will come a time when the woman will be ashamed of her uni-sexual church, and the fractional life of a nunnery in the long run will prove as inadequate to develop the highest womanhood in the twentieth century as it proved in the twelfth century. Even the home, the last and most benignant substitute for the church, proves homeless to him and to her who would confine their devotions and their graciousness to any four-walled interpretation of the same.

So we come through modern substitutes back to the old hunger of the human soul, the hunger for a sense of fellowship with man, of unity with the world, of oneness with God. Analysis never satisfies and is never justified except as a means towards a higher synthesis. It was the divine necessity that changed the tombstone into a temple, wrought a fear into a prayer, translated awe into worship and made morality a passion and ethics the supreme quest of the noblest souls. The old inspiration that has dotted the world with shrines made beautiful by self-denial, that surveyed the highways of the world so that they would pass by the martyr spots that dot the face of the globe then the pilgrim columns of humanity might travel therein. The new thought, the larger view, has only made the church more a necessity. There is still a demand for a home of the spirit where men and women forget their sex, where young and old forget their age, rich and poor forget their chafing possessions and their galling needs. There is no substitute that will take the place of this inclusive circle of prayer. Missing the synthesis of humanity, the school of common ethics, this training school of saints, this platform for the sages, and humanity spite of all the substitutes will fall first into affectation, then paralysis and degeneracy.

The American must have some help to forget his Americanism. The republican and democrat must have some moments when they will become divinely oblivious of their politics and when their differences are forgotten. There must be a place where men and women can forget their sex and lose themselves in their humanity.

If I am right, you see the need of a church remains. More than ever before does the soul need this larger home, and the question of questions today is the question of the restoration of this church. How is it to be restored to the confidence of the competent? how is it to reclaim the generosity of the wealthy, the devotion of the pure, the first love of fathers and mothers, the loyalty of the children?

It is the business of this platform to try to answer this question. For eighteen years we have been coming here, pooling our wisdom, sharing our disappointments and combining our resources in attempting an answer to this question. The task is yet undone, the question is still unanswered, but I believe that the line to be followed, the direction from which help is to

come, is in sight. The church destroyed by thought must be restored by more thought. Let science restore what science has destroyed. The social forces that undermined the church must lay new foundations of that church that will be club and class, committee and congress, anything and everything that makes for the corporate life, for the co-ordination of human reresources, for the divine investment of the human. That is the task of the church that is to be restored. There can be no restoration of the church or reinstatement of the minister until church and minister line up with the best thought yet reached, the broadest and on that account the sweetest fellowship yet realized. The church will be restored when thought will restore to us a God worthy the reverence and worship of enlightened man. The church will be restored when it lays a hold again of the divine tasks which alone justify the best thinking and highest cooperation, the tasks of leveling up this world of ours, of taking from those that have and giving to those that have not, doing it in such a way that all parties will have more than they ever had before. We will have a restored church when we have a restored theology which will include an illuminating sociology.

The church has passed through many a crisis like unto that through which it now passes. There came a time in the Hebrew economy when the temple as a slaughter house repelled. There came a time in Greece when the quarrelsome and complicated family of the gods provoked mirth. There came the great Luther-time in Christianity when Luther's heart ached over the unrealities he found in the holy city. There came a time when the piety of England trembled and souls quaked in the presence of the awful arraignments of George Fox and John Wesley, but through all these crises the church passed. It survived as it will pass through the present crisis and will survive present dangers and it will appear again as the central citadel of the soul, the home of the best in the community, the representative of that without which life is not worth living, the vocalization of those consolations which enable the soul to carry its afflictions and its solitudes in a way that becomes the noble and the devout.

Where is the primal emphasis of your interest today? Which is to have prior claim upon your purse, your time, your thought, your energy, yourself? The church, the poor stumbling, floundering church, the bigoted, selfish, shallow, dogmatic, schismatic church, but the church that has been in the world since the soul first faced its mystery, found its disgraces and knew the bitterness of sin. The church that is now in the world to stay while the words "God," "Humanity," "Destiny," "Eternity," "Love," "Conscience" remain, or the substitutes which I have imperfectly catalogued, well meaning, timely, "substitutes" but transient as substitutes.

It is our task to change these substitutes into helps, subordinate the fraction to the whole, compel the classes to serve the masses. Help the escape from the one into the other as often as possible, and to stop there as long as possible for as the universe is one and the God of the universe is one, so is humanity the highest output of this world, the divinest projection of deity, one "E pluribus unum," many in one, is to become the religious motto of the world as it now is the political motto of the United States. Let it be inscribed over the outside portal of the church that is to be reinstated, and on the interior walls of this same church let the application of the motto be enforced by the maxim, "Here let no man be stranger," for this is the church of the living God, the church of all men and of all truth, for which there is no substitute. It will brook no rival but welcome all helpers.

The Study Table.

"The Ethical Record," Volume One Number One, published by the New York Society for Ethical Culture and edited by Percival Chubb, is before us, bearing all the ear marks of a new venture: Careful typographical work, good paper, costly cover and painstaking editorial labor. Fortunately, for the present, at least, it is announced as a bi-monthly, has a wealthy society back of it and an able staff of lecturers to hold up the hands of the editor, so it has a good chance for life. It is obviously one of the long line of publications it has been given us to welcome for the last twenty-one years, as "too good to pay." If it will live it will be because it has generous and intelligent backing. This first number of thirty-two pages, of the same width but some two inches shorter than Unity, is largely taken up with reports of the work undertaken by the Ethical Societies at home and abroad, as might be expected the New York Society occupying the greatest space. We welcome the "Ethical Record" as a co-worker and wish for it the prosperity that would give it a long life and increasing usefulness. It is a publication more needed than wanted hence its interest to our readers. The subscription price is forty cents for the first four issues. Its address is The Ethical Record, 669 Madison Avenue, New York.

"The Wider View."*

This is a happy title for Mr. Dana's anthology of prose and verse designed to illustrate the broadening horizons of religious thought. All scriptures are our scriptures; all devout souls are of one religion; toleration in religion must become sympathy in religion; religion is not theology; life, character, service are the essentials; the world waits for the new, all-convincing statement of faith, but, meanwhile, many poets and many Broad Churchmen of many communions have voiced, and are voicing, nobly its elements: such is the general "view" to which our "searcher for truth" has attained. He has himself come up through lower levels of popular theology, and now is as one rejoicing to tell others of the new visions blessing his eyes on the hill-top.

The visions are clustered and chaptered according to subject,—"wider views" of the Eternal Power, of Man's Nature, of Brotherhood, of the Future of Man on the earth, and off of the earth; greatened meanings of Life, Faith, Heresy, Progress, Revelation, Character, Religion. A few of the oracles quoted come from old sources,—Isaiah, Psalms, Jesus, Paul Epictetus; but most of them come from voices of this century, voices of today. Who leads the chorus? Emerson, with twenty-three passages. Whittier and Tennyson follow; then a lonelier thinker, the Thomas a Kempis of a skeptical age, Amiel of Geneva; then two American poets, Holmes and Lowell; then two English prose-poets, Ruskin and Carlyle; then Robert Browning and Martineau. Then the great chorus,—in it, Theodore Parker, Max Mueller, Walt Whitman, Greg, Channing, George Eliot, Mill, Drummond, Watson and others. Most of the writers quoted belong to the bands of literature rather than those of theology; and most of them are men of poetic imagination rather than logicians and philosophers. But the best fact of all is that the theologians, the theologians of Orthodoxy itself, are following the trail and arriving today, not singly but in actual groups, on the same hill-tops, and reporting discovery of horizons nearly as wide as, and often identical with, those announced in this book. For instance, in a single magazine of December, edited by a Presbyterian minister, we found long quotations or comments

from Fairbairn, the leader of English Congregationalism,—"Zion's Herald," the Methodist organ,—S. T. Carter, the Presbyterian editor,—Dr. Parker, the great London preacher,—with notices of the new life of Bushnell, yesterday's heretic, already canonized by Liberal Orthodoxy,—of Dr. Stevens' "Theology of the New Testament," a book of "sunlight, hope and the goodness of God," of President Hyde's "God's Education of Man," written in the light of evolution and bastion of Man," written in the light of evolution, and basing religion on righteousness,—and of Dr. Gilbert's notably liberal "Revelation of Jesus." Every one of these men is on the trail upwards, every voice sounds like an echo of pages in Mr. Dana's collection. Are such men exceptions in Orthodoxy? To some extent, yes; but even more truly instances, types, indications of tendency.

"The Wider View" contains little negation, much Yea and Amen, and much Hallelujah. It might be used for the quiet morning moment in the chamber; it can furnish a minister who seeks scripture outside of the Bible with noble readings for the service in church; it is a good book to lend to a friend feeling his way, with trepidation, from level to level of faith.

W. C. G.

*The Wider View: a Search for Truth: By John M. Dana. G. P. Putam's Sons, New York and London, 1899.

Book Notes.

From Chas. Scribner's Sons I received The Trial of the Sand Hill Stag, by Ernest Seton-Thompson; and Santa Claus' Partner, by Thomas Nelson Page. The first of these books is a delightful story and the volume is a model of book-making. When I opened Mr. Page's book, I supposed it to be something for young people, and of the ordinary Holiday sort. I have found it to be incomparably one of the best books that I have ever seen, for both old and young. It tells a story that goes to the heart—it cannot help it. It is capital as literature; but it is cannot help it. It is capital as literature; but it is more than that; it is gospel. I would call it eminently a family book. It is the best book on Duty that I ever saw. I would give it to a boy or girl; and then absolutely prohibit them from reading anything of the ordinary Sunday-school sort. This one book would be enough. Immense damage is done by the pop gun system of shoving a whole library of books on right and wrong, one after another, through a child's mind. The ordinary Sunday-school library is a plague and nuisance.

Stephen The Black, by Caroline H. Pemberton. Published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Here is another remarkable book. It comes with a special note from the author requesting me to give it a note in UNITY I would like to give it a note that would reach every intelligent reader in the United States. It is worthy to be called a second Uncle Tom's Cabin. I opened it expecting to find a humanitarian appeal for the black race. I have found it to be a novel of very high rank when tested from the standpoint of literary criticism. It is a revelation and a surprise. It shows what vast material for romance remains unworked in our social life. Mrs. Stowe found it out; and then the world forgot it—so far as the black race was concerned. Mrs. Pemberton has given us a bit of genuine art; and it is better than that; it is noble and it is inspiring. I am glad it comes from the same press that gave us that noble novel, The Latimers. I shall reread it.

The author of The Puritan as a Colonist and a Reformer gives us a book quite as notable as his preceding volume on the Puritan in England and in New England. The author is doing a work exactly coincident with that of Taylor in his Origin and Growth of the English Constitution. The latter traces our institutions back to Old England; but Mr. Byington traces them back to our early colonial life in New England. History is never real history except when read as an evolution. We may pity any man who believes with Froude, or the Froude School—that history has in it no coherent purpose. Mr. Byington is a thorough-going evolutionist. In his Preface he says, "We have still much to learn from the Puritans, in respect to the social and political and religious questions of our times. The Constitution of the Republic is only a development of the teachings of Thomas Hooker in Connecticut. Our schools and colleges for the people follow Puritan example. Much of what has been the best in the nineteenth century has come from our New England ancestors, and the twentieth century is likely to follow the same line of development." The chapter on "Shakespeare and the Puritans" is brilliant and fascinating. The real place of Puritan revivals will be understood from this book. At the same time we see how far the Puritan spiritualists were from being mere sentimentalists. They believed in, "Trust God; and keep your powder dry."

The Atlantic has once more changed hands; or heads rather. It is not to the advantage of our old favorite that it does not remain under the same editorial management. Mr. Page as literary critic was a good ways from being the best that could be mentioned; but his ideals of what the Atlantic ought to be were perfect. He was rapidly making it the great American literary magazine. The new editor gives us a larger variety of material, and seems to be inclined to popularizing.

The new International Monthly, that comes from the press of The Macmillan Company, closely approaches the style of the great English monthlies. It has the additional feature of being international. The contents are from Paris and Boston. The most important articles are from Profs. Shaler and Trowbridge of Harvard. The leading article, by Edouard Rod, brings to us the conception that France has entered a period of literary renaissance; and that the degenerative features of rotten realism are sloughing off. The Advisory Board of this magazine is remarkably well selected; and if they really control the contents it will become what America has long needed, a real magazine up-to-date in the higher scholarship, and with breadth of vision to bring specialties into relative proportions.

E. P. P.

Silent Voice of Trust.

Oh Thou Eternal One!
Spirit divine!
Help now in need of Thee,
Children of Thine;
As came Thy blessed Son,
Trusting while burdened down,
May we all come to Thee—
(Nearer to Thee!)

Out in the storm of life,
Groping our way,
Weary of selfish strife—
Gone far astray;
Spirit of living Light!
Shepherd of Good and Right!
Guide Thou us day by day—
(Leave not alone;)

When death's chill shadows fill,
Life seems to fail,
Still may we hopeful be,
Nearing the vail;
Then may we look above,
Rest in Thine arms of love;
Father! Thy Kingdom come—
(Thy-will-be-done!)

—*From the Mother's Freesonic Message.*

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

X.

TOBIT.

MEMORY TEXT:

As thy substance is, give alms according to thy abundance. —iv:8.

It is not necessary, indeed it is not possible, for us to go into the nice questions of scholarship concerning this book, for when it comes to settling the exact problem of dates and the language in which the original was written and the place where it was written, I have only moderately recent authorities.

It is pretty nearly correct to speak of the story of Tobit as an early Jewish novel, with the minimum of historical fact. It is a novel based on facts but the facts are very pliable, very elastic. It stands related to Jewish history, much as Ivanhoe stands related to English history.

It is a very valuable story for children barring one or two disagreeable episodes. For the most part it is a thoroughly sweet, wholesome story, with a domestic core. Indeed, the old scholars will tell you that it was written for the sake of teaching domestic loyalty, monogamic fidelity and filial respect. There is a variety of versions, Coptic, Latin, Greek, Aramic, but I believe no Hebrew that is very early. I believe the latest conclusion is that it was an Alexandrian product, and we can easily believe it, for there was where the literary imagination of the Jew at this time was at work.

The scene of the story is partly in Nineveh and partly in Media, say about a hundred and fifty miles to the southeast of Nineveh.

Tobit was of the tribe of Naphtali and belonged to the upper Kingdom. He was a loyal Jew who persisted in going regularly down to Jerusalem to the festivals, and, though nearly the whole of his tribe proved disloyal, he remained true to his religion. When he was carried away to Nineveh in the latter part of the eighth century he carried with him his piety and Jewish home life. He had a wife and a son—Tobias. He was wealthy, and when the persecutions came, with a thriftiness that was commendable if not characteristic, he put his money for safe keeping into the hands of a kinsman who lived down in the south country, in Media. He took his adversity like a hero, persisting in loyalty even to the severest test, that of seeing that the rites of sepulchre were granted the Jew when by outside cruelty and tyranny it was forbidden him. Being informed at his meal one day that a Jew had been strangled in the city, he arose, took his life in his hands, so to speak, and saw that his countryman had a decent burial. During his absence, an accident occurred which cost him his eyesight. When he came back to his home blind, of course his wife had to rise to the situation and become the bread-winner of the family. She took in weaving and spinning,—now it would be sewing,—and they managed to get along pretty well. And here comes what Mr. Moulton speaks of very naively as a "perfectly natural domestic quarrel." He heard a goat around the house one day and asked his wife how it came there. She answered that in addition to her pay a friend had given her the goat. But the old man was a little suspicious of his wife and afraid that she had not obtained it honorably. He told her to send it back, and she refused.

The family jar and the hopeless condition of the man in his blindness led him to make a touching prayer to God to get him out of the trouble in as quick a way as he honorably could, but he hoped he might be released from the perplexity. It was a Job-like prayer, full of grace and dignity.

Now the story is transferred to the south. Raguel was a kinsman who lived in Media. He had a beautiful daughter, an only child who was sorely beset by an evil spirit, one of the demons that sometimes troubled women in those days, and although she had been betrothed to seven men she was married to none, for the evil spirit had brought about the death of each of the seven. When she, in the line of duty one day found it necessary to scourge gently one or two of her maids because they had not done their work well, one of the maids retorted, "You have nothing to say, for probably you have killed the seven men yourself." That made her feel so bad that she wanted to die, and she made the same prayer in spirit that her uncle away off in Nineveh was making at the same time.

Now the Raphael angel, whose business it was to comfort the afflicted, heard these prayers and carried them up to the throne. He told the Almighty of the sore affliction of this faithful man in Nineveh and this beautiful woman in Media, and the Lord told him to go and help them. So Raphael assumed a human shape and presented himself at the home of Tobit. Tobit, meanwhile, expecting to die, thought of the money that he had left for his boy down in Media. He called to him his son Tobias and told him of this money about to be trusted to him and bade him seek a guide for the journey. Tobias found this guide who wanted to go, and Tobit looked into his credentials and approved of him. And so Tobias, the boy, Raphael, the angel in the guise of a man, who took the name of Azarias, and the dog, started on the journey.

On the way down Tobias went in swimming and a fish attacked him, threatening to swallow him. But the guide said, "Don't be scared but take the fish out." And he took it out, and after saving the heart, the liver and the gall, as his guide directed, they went on. As they journeyed the guide began to tell Tobias of the beautiful woman in his kinsman's house and suggested that very likely she would make a good wife for him. Tobias, however, had heard of the bad luck of the other men and did not want to be counted number eight. But the guide said, "That is why I wanted you to save this heart and liver, and when the time comes you can exorcise the evil spirit by burning them, for when the devil smells the good smell he will have to go." So Tobias took heart and fell in love with his cousin before he ever saw her, and when he got there he was very anxious the betrothal should take place. After the wedding had been consummated the father went out and dug another grave thinking it would be necessary in the morning, but to his surprise morning found them both alive. Then the young couple started back to the father's and mother's home in Nineveh. They had staid a good while, and the old people were getting very anxious, the mother beginning to get a little querulous and scolding the old man for sending him off. But now he was safe at home. And then the gall became handy. The guide had told Tobias that if he would make a paste of this and annoint his father's eyes it would restore his eyesight. This he did and the white film fell off and the old man could see. So there was rejoicing at home and another festival. They lived a long time, and the story closes with a serene benediction and loving burial of the father and mother; and then the young couple with seven or eight children went back to see the grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. There they laid the old people away and lived a long time after that.

The children will be interested in Raphael's "Madonna of the Fish," painted for the chapel devoted to the blind, at Naples.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Life is a festival only to the wise.
MON.—Anything man can do may be divinely done.
TUES.—If we live truly, we shall see truly.
WED.—The soul is not a compensation, but a life.
THURS.—Self-trust is the essence of heroism.
FRI.—The heroic soul does not sell its justice and nobleness.
SAT.—The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. EMERSON.

Two Children.

One day the sun was shining
And the sky was a perfect blue,
A little maid walked in a valley
Where a sweet wild violet grew.

And the little maid, sighing, whispered,
"Were I but a blossom wild,"
While the violet breathed, with its sweet perfume,
"Now, if I were a little child!"

Then the winds laughed softly o'er them,
And the fern-fronds, waving, smiled;
For the child was a flower of Nature,
And the flower was God's little child.

—*Ethel Maude Colson, in Exchange.*

An Unwelcomed Supper Guest.

In the early part of this century when stag supper parties often took the place of dinners in London society, a well-known nobleman, whose hospitality was famous, kept a tame lion as a household pet, rather to the discomfiture of his guests, who could not accustom themselves to the strange beast's presence.

On a certain occasion, when a special supper was being given, just before the arrival of the guests, the lion, who had his accustomed quarters in the library, strolled into the dining room, and unperceived by the servants, curled himself under the massive table draped with spotless linen. At the appointed hour the host and his friends seated themselves at the festive board. As dinner progressed the company became hilarious and their mirth awoke the sleeping king of the forest. He endeavored to stand up but found the table in his way. With a growl he exerted his strength and in a moment the table toppled over with a crash. Amid the breaking of China and glass arose an indignant roar from the lion. The silver candelabra having tumbled over with the other things and the lights having gone out chaos reigned for some moments while a lion and several gentlemen were mixed in the table linen, broken dishes and eatables, in a mad struggle to escape with their lives. Fortunately the lion harmed no one, but the guests were some time recovering from the shock they had received.—*H. D. Rose, in the Outlook.*

A well-known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself: Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon. The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught." "Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."—*Exchange.*

Mother Goose.*

Looking through the new edition of "Mother Goose" by the Lippincott Co., I was wondering what could be found in the volume to please one who delighted, say, in Waldstein's "Surface of Things" or Browning's "Sordello." The 250 pictures by F. Opper, drawn to interest anybody up to the age of eighty years, of course furnish diversion to the most cultured. After expressing admiration of these, and incidentally of the tales they illustrate, the most serious minded will reflect upon the wonderful melody of the songs. It slowly becomes manifest that certain songs represent the very perfection of verse structure, rhythm, and rhyme, As Plato, according to Emerson, was the original rock from which all later thought-drift came, so these songs appear to be the source of all simple melody. Could one understand the secret of the composition of "Old King Cole" he would know a very great deal about the science of English verse. Eugene Field must imitate "Finikin, winiken, wo" and Browning hardly surpassed the intricacies of the following:

"Said Noble Aaron to Aaron Barron
'Oh, dear, my foot you put your chair on!'
Said Aaron Barron to Noble Aaron,
'Ah! you shall put your foot my chair on.'"

B. L. T.

*"Mother Goose," with 250 pictures, by F. Opper. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Of Such is the Kingdom.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath his small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from his hands
And nearest unto him!

And haply, pleading long with him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom!—Teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

—*Child Songs.*

When David was the king of Israel he was told that because of a certain thing he had done, he would not be permitted to build the temple of the Lord, a thing he very much wished to do. It was a sore disappointment to him. Some men would have said: "Well, I'll let some one else have all the care, then. I will have nothing to do with it."

But David did not say this. He went to work and got together all the material for the temple, so that when his son was ready to build the temple nothing was lacking.

Not very many of us will ever do wonderful things to help the world along, but there are thousands of little things to do that will have to be done by some one.—*Selected.*

It was a Deering, Maine, schoolboy who defined "anodyne" as "something to a sausage pan," and then brought Webster's Unabridged to his skeptical teacher with his finger pointing triumphantly to the words, "serving to assauge pain."—*Lewiston Journal.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.

FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Hiram W. Thomas.	Jane Addams.	John W. Chadwick.
Caroline Bartlett Crane.	Emil G. Hirsch.	E. P. Powell.
Oscar L. Triggs.	R. A. White.	Joseph Stolz.
E. Hanford Henderson.	Frederick Starr.	E. Burritt Smith.

The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

HUMBOLDT PARK, CHICAGO.—An Open Church service has been inaugurated at this suburban town. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Thomas, Mr. J. B. Smiley and Miss Mary M. Bartalme are announced as the speakers for the first four Sundays beginning January 21st. Services will be held in Dania Hall at 3 p. m. every Sunday afternoon. The card announcing these meetings states the commendable purpose "With no limitation of creed our aim is to unite for improvement on a basis of the widest fraternity. We know no nationality and no sect but only man. We shall heartily welcome all who wish to join us." Success to this new movement.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.—Dr. Thomas inaugurated this work in Milwaukee last Sunday at the Davidson Theatre, under encouraging conditions. The large theatre was filled. Most of the leading ministers of all the denominations in the city are giving the movement their personal endorsement and encouragement. Dr. Thomas spoke of the things that last and his word, as might be expected was of the kind that strengthens the things that remain; in other words, the universal elements of religion, those things concerning which there can be no division, the eternal verities dear to heterodox and orthodox alike. Let other centers organize for this Sunday afternoon work in hall and theatre, not against the churches but for all the churches.

CHICAGO.—The League for Religious Fellowship held its last meeting last Monday in the Woman's Club rooms. It was a symposium on the religious outlook. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes of Plymouth Church considered the question "Is Religion on the Decline"; Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, "The Increase of Spirituality Among the Laity"; Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "Is Theology to Be Supplanted by Sociology" and Mrs. Leslie Lewis of the University Congregational church, "The Relation of Women's Clubs to the Church," Mrs. Henry Frank of Sinai Congregation, presiding. Mrs. Holmes believed the power of the minister was waning and for good reason, because there was a demand for higher service and clearer message. Mrs. Woolley called for a new interpretation of spirituality, one that would represent the heroic and conquering power of mind over matter. Mr. Jones argued that theology was to be expressed more and more in terms of sociology, i. e., that religion is to concern itself more and more with the problems of this world; its task is to synthesize, bring together the scattered forces of life. And Mrs. Lewis frankly recognized the distracting nature of the women's club movement at the present time but hoped for a union of forces farther down the line. This is one of the small organizations with a large future and a growing consciousness of its mission.

All Souls Church.

Thursday evening, January 11, was the date of the annual dinner and meeting of All Souls church. This one was number seventeen of the series and was voted the most interesting and successful of them all by those whose memory reached back to the first. The tables were simply but artistically decorated and laid in the Auditorium, where more than two hundred persons gathered at half past six for the one common meal of the year. After dinner, according to the well established custom, the guests remained seated at the tables and listened to the yearly reports of pastor, officers and chairman of committees, thirty-three men and women representing thirty-three distinct activities. The reports were crisp, concise, illuminated and illuminating. A rare touch of beauty and fellowship was added to this meeting by the singing of the Treble Clef. The Pastor told of three hundred and fifty-seven public services, one for nearly every day in the year, including what he calls his vacation, besides a great variety of semi-public occasions such as committee meetings, funerals, christenings, and marriages. Of the last three in one day seems to have been the outside limit. All this involved the travel that carried him into nine different states and to seventy-one different places outside of the church; and the labor of sending out 2,614 autograph letters, the editorial work of UNITY and the duties of the General Secretary of the Liberal Congress. He dropped a tender word to the memory of those who had risen out of the loving fellowship of the church, particularly of Charles Fowler, the kind, wise and thoughtful friend who has been called from our sight since the last annual meeting, and spoke with gratitude of the high opportunity offered a pastor by such a church as All Souls. Others told of educational, charitable, and missionary work reaching from Dakota to Alabama and from street boys on Cottage Grove Avenue to the Indian schools of the farthest West. And most of the reports clinched the argument with a balance sheet, altogether representing activities which aggregated about $8,500.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Trustees—Warren McArthur, G. F. Shears, William Kent, Joseph Hiner, Silas A. Strawn.

Social Section, Mrs. W. A. Mallory and Mrs. Edward Morris.

Missionary, Mrs. G. F. Shears.

Charitable, Mrs. William Kent.

Educational, Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard.

Parish Assistant and Treasurer, Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen.

E. H. W.

The Editor of UNITY conducts the noonday meeting at Willard Hall this week Friday, January 19th, and will speak on some of the marginal but fundamental elements in the temperance question at the present time.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

On January 16th, February 6th and 20th, March 6th and 20th, April 3d and 17th, 1900, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good for 21 days), to a great many points in South and North Dakota and other western and southwestern States at practically one fare for the round trip. Take a trip west and see what an amount of good land can be purchased for very little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent, or by addressing Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Old Colony Bldg., Chicago.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

the grandest and fastest-selling book ever published,

Pulpit Echoes

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

Containing Mr. MOODY'S best Sermons, with 500 Thrilling Stories, Incidents, Personal Experiences, etc., as told

By D. L. Moody

himself. With a complete history of his life by Rev. CHAS. F. GOSS, Pastor of Mr Moody's Chicago Church for five years, and an Introduction by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D. Brand new, 600 pp., *beautifully illustrated.* ☞1,000 more AGENTS WANTED—Men and Women. ☞Sales immense—a harvest time for Agents. Send for terms to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

JESS: BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

A book of charm and power. It has the strength of simplicity and the sweetness of sincerity. It is fitted to brighten and better human life.—HENRY VAN DYKE, *Professor of Literature, Princeton University.*

It is just the sort of book that I enjoy, a real rest to me. It takes one away from the noise-ridden city and into the waysides, where we all ought to live for at least nine months of the year. I have a passion for out-of-door books; it is through their pages that I take my vacation.—JEANNETTE L. GILDER, *Joint Editor of the Critic, New York.*

It shows a fine insight into the heart of things, a felicity that is rare.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

I has already proven a vacation to me. I have dined on herbs, taken care not to rob the bird's nest of anything but sweet thoughts, while I have been led to the uplands of the spirit by a brotherly hand.—F. W. GUNSAULUS, *President Armour Institute, Chicago.*

It is a book without a morbid note, without a sneer of cynicism. It has an abundance of those qualities which Sabatier has told us the world connects with the character of Christ, "optimism without frivolity, seriousness without despair.—F. E. DEWHURST, *in Indianapolis Evening News.*

I read it two hours without a break and am refreshed in spirit and purpose.—W. D. HOARD, *Ex-Governor of Wisconsin.*

I find more religion than theology in this book, which fact is very gratifying to me.—A. H. LEWIS, D.D., *Editor of the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.*

Mr. Jones' name may be added to the authors of "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Loveliness," as showing tenderest sympathy with dumb creatures, but "Jess" is far more than a horse story. . . . We rejoice to find the long sought poem "Carcassonne" heading a chapter on "The Unattainable." We demur a bit at his very catholic spmpathy with Chinese and Hindu religion. He seems not to give the Christ the unique place in all religions. Buy it. Revel in it. Place it beside the reveries."—THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

These papers teach religion from an observation of country scenery, doing so in a manner always interesting and often eloquent.—SCOTSMAN, *Edinburgh.*

They are full of nature, of humanity and of the best kind of religion, charged with that vitality, humor, poetry and inspired good sense which mark all of Mr. Jones' splendid work.—THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

We are conscious as we read that we are in the presence of a genuine lover of the simplicities of life and are grateful for what he has imparted to us of his own delight in beautiful things.—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, *England.*

The author is not what would be called by many "an orthodox" person, but he has an immense love of animals as well as of human nature, and in pleasant language gives us much to think about.—CHURCH TIMES, *London.*

This author is not concerned with saving. He believes that the "primal mission of religion is to bring a realizing sense of the world." His book is full of nature and catches not a little of its beauty. It only wants power.—EXPOSITORY TIMES, *London.*

The most striking feature of this volume, however, is not its poor theology or inconsistent philosophy, but it has literary charm; it abounds in passages of rare beauty and constitutes throughout most delightful reading.—THE INTERIOR (*Presbyterian*), *Chicago.*

Sent Post Paid for $1.50. Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

MARRIAGE Invitations, Announcements, At Home and Church Cards Printed or Engraved.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Samples Sent on Application.

University Printing Co.

3969 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO.

World-Unity in Religion

An Essay by Francis E. Abbot, Ph.D.,

To which are added COMMENTS on his Essay by Prof. C. C. Everett, D.D., Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William C. Gannett, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, William M. Salter, Rev. C. F. Dole, Frederick Meakin, Rev. C. G. Ames, D.D., Rev. G. R. Dodson, Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D., Rev. W. D. Simonds. Together with REPLIES to the comments by Dr. Abbot.

Price 25 cents. Sold for the benefit of the "Free Church Tract Fund."

Address FREE CHURCH RECORD, 409 No. E Street, Tacoma, Wash.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

"BIG FOUR"

THREE GREAT TRAINS.

"KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS, CLEVELAND, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"WHITE CITY SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

CALIFORNIA IN THREE DAYS.

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily at 6:30 p. m., reaches San Francisco evening of the third day and Los Angeles the next afternoon, no change of cars, all meals in dining cars "a la carte," buffet smoking and library cars, with barber. "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily at 10:30 p. m., reaches San Francisco the fourth morning. Through tourist sleeping cars every day in the year between Chicago, California and Oregon. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. Tourist car rate to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, $6. For tickets, reservations and full particulars apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago.